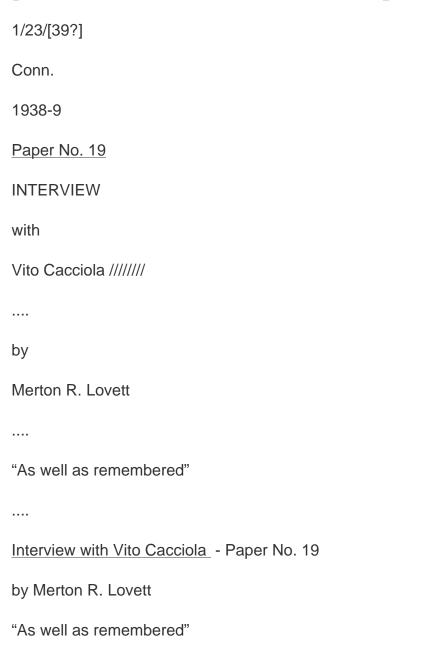
Library of Congress

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #19]



Library of Congress

....

"I'm a glad you teacha de Italian in de school. Tis a nica language. Everybodys would get mucha pleasure from de Italian.

"I hopa de teacher no teaches de dialect. In Italy there is many dialects. With great hardness can the man from Sicily talk with the peoples of Genoa. Those peoples maka many of de words bad. But there is only one true Italian. He is spoke in Roma. Mussolini teacha it now in all de schools.

"De man of music lova de Italian. It is de besta language for singer. Why for Caruso sing de Italian? He's sweeta language. He's de language of music.

"Did you ever hear de great opera like 'Ell Trovatore' in de English, Mr. Lovett? No! Nor you ever will. De English, when you singa it, sounda like de quacka of ducks. De Italina, Ah, he reminda you of de singing of birds.

"Yes, I thinks the English a most difficult language. Often it make me confus-ed. I talka it almost like de American. Sometimes I get mix-ed up. Look what I finda in my little red book. 'Adore,' what you tink dat means?

"You're mistake. You don't slama adore. See here, 'adore' means to offer worship. I getta fool too. I ama 'ass' in de English, but I cannot eata grass and slapa de flies with my tail.

2

"Mucha mistakes I make. Believe you me, I never 'lie,' buta you 'lie' in de bed, Mr. Lovett. De little book say; 'last' meana on de end, lika de Amen or de prayer. But de cobbler hava first his 'last', befor he can lasta his firsta shoe. By jingo, English is harda language to teach-ed. De Italian, it meana what it says.

Library of Congress

"Did you see someting different, in de shop, Mr, Lovett? It happen since you was here before.

"No? Looka de window. Sure it's a clean, I washa it every week. But it's new window. De old window get smash-ed.

"A boy busta it. He maka bad throw with de rock. He say he trya hit a cat. I think he is young crooker.

"No. I cannot catcha him. I am too old. If I getta him I maka him sorry.

"De police aska me, 'Who was it?' I say I do not know. De surprise frighten me. De noise maka you blind, Mr. Lovett.

"Yes, they catcha de rascal. They maka with him foolish talk. They say, 'Don'ta do it again.' They no teacha him de good lesson.

"I'm lucky. De landlord fixa de window. He hava de insurance. Now, I must have artist painta my name some more.

...

3

"Oh, Hello Tony. Whata you want? Sure I can fixa de heels quick. How much it costa you? Is you got lots of money? No! Then I charge you fifteen cents.

"How is your sick mother? Tell her I wisha her de blessings of God. I hope Tony you helpa at home, so much as you can.

"Thats a fine. You're a good boy to earn money for your mama. Coma see me somemore. Happy New Year, my dear.

Library of Congress				